



## "THE CENTURY GUILD HOBBY HORSE."

The aim of the Century Guild is to render all branches of Art the sphere, no longer of the tradesman, but of the artist. It would restore building, decoration, glass-painting, pottery, wood-carving, and metal-work to their rightful place beside painting and sculpture. By so placing them they would be once more regarded as legitimate and honourable expressions of the artistic spirit, and would stand in their true relation not only to sculpture and painting but to the drama, to music, and to literature.

In other words, the Century Guild seeks to emphasize the *Unity of Art*; and by thus dignifying Art in all its forms, it hopes to make it living, a thing of our own century, and of the people.

In the Hobby Horse, the Guild will provide a means of expression for these aims, and for other serious thoughts about Art.

The matter of the Hobby Horse will deal, chiefly, with the practical application of Art to life: but it will also contain illustrations and poems, as well as literary and biographical essays.

All communications to be addressed to the Editor, The CHISWICK PRESS, 21, Took's Court, Chancery Lane, London, E.C.

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F A CERTAIN ELEMENTARY  
NEED IN OUR ELEMENTARY-  
EDUCATION SCHEME.

I chanced, the other evening, to find myself in the neighbourhood of Trafalgar Square: and, turning aside into a well-known *restaurateur's*, not a hundred miles off, I called for a cup of coffee and a cigar. The coffee was fragrant, the cigar yet more fragrant: and I, who am of so soft a stuff, that, before sensuous delicacies such as these, there is no resolution left in me, yielded to their fascination speedily, with completeness. Believe me, I am sitting down with the intention of writing a very serious article. The Editor counsels me, that my late contributions have, in the opinion of several prudent persons, been lacking in seriousness; that they have, even, had about them a touch, or, to word the accusation more softly, a suspicion, of irrespectability: so the warning comes, that I must look to my ways, and mend them; or it will be, "turn elsewhere, than to the "Hobby Horse, my friend, if you wish to get printed." And, indeed, I fear there may be truth in this. For example, look you: I desire to write, very gravely, on a very grave subject; I desire to make some reflections upon education: and the first thing, that comes into my head, and trickles off my pen, is a sentence about the seductiveness of a public eating-house, and of a cigar! I am afraid my taste must be irretrievably degraded; my view of things, hopelessly out of proportion; my self-restraint; well, it is ridiculous my mentioning that.

I remember, however, a great artist once telling me; an artist, whose works are singularly distinguished by the delicacy of their sentiment, and of their expression; that many a time he had sat in his studio, his brow knit, his soul supplicating for an inspiration; but nothing would come. When the inspiration did come; when the felicitous thought was vouchsafed, and flashed in upon him; he was, likely enough, in a tunnel of the District Railway, meditating on the shape of the man's hat opposite him. Certainly, I did not enter the *restaurant* in question, nor lean back sipping my coffee there, and letting the tobacco fumes steal through my brain,

expectant of any fresh ideas upon education. But, presently, up there came to me one of the waiters ; at least, he was a waiter a few years ago, when I first knew him, but the good fellow has now been promoted to the dignity of a superintendent of waiters ; an Italian : well, up he came, and wished me good-evening. We chatted about the weather, about business, *nescio quid nugarum meditantes, toti in illis* : at last, something happened to turn our chat upon the facility, with which he, and his fellow-ministrants, seemed able to pick up French, German, English, the several tongues of whatever lands they were sojourning in. As we spoke of Italian, I chanced to mention the name of Petrarch. "Petrarch !" echoed he : "le rime del Petrarca ! Petrarca e "Madonna Laura ! ah ! how beautiful !" A transfiguring look of pride passed over his honest, but unhandsome, face, at the remembrance of his great countryman : and he leaned across the table, mellifluously reciting to me the commencement of one of the sonnets : describing, with emotion, the beautiful picture of the lady beneath the cherry-tree ; whose blossoms fall thickly round her, so that, when she rises from the ground, there is left upon it the fashion of her presence.

As I went out of the *restaurant* that evening, it was with no thought, I assure you, of the varied sensuous delights, there provided for our edification or subversal. Gone were the flavour and memory of the *café au lait*, of the yet more insidious Partaga ; gone, as the delicate, tremulous, clouds of the latter, away into space. What an enviable inheritance, I kept repeating to myself, as I passed along the street, what an enviable inheritance have these Italians, of beauty, of sensitiveness, of education ! Fancy James, the footman, secretly treasuring in his garret a copy of Milton ; and whispering to you, at some chance moment, in the most natural way possible,

*Methought, I saw my late-espoused saint  
Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave !*

In one of her novels, Ouida somewhere recalls an experience of hers ; a poor Florentine woman pointing out to her a piece of sculpture in the street : "*Our* Donatello did that," says the woman. What pride, what affection, what an



instinct for the finer moments and influences of life, are in that possessive! Though we are poor mortals ourselves, immersed in sordid occupations, hurried from post to pillar in the rush of unsympathetic circumstances, twisted out of shape by the gales of adversity; what a thing, to have had bred and born in our blood, to possess as an inalienable and ineradicable instinct, this tradition of the gods; this claim to fellowship or communion with them!

In the window of a well-known educational emporium, in Oxford Street, are exhibited some large, coloured drawings, intended for the adornment of our public elementary-schools. The subjects of these carefully prepared studies are: first, a skeleton; secondly, a flayed human being in his proper colours; thirdly, an exposition of his bowels. I am the last person in the world to underrate the value of physiological instruction. If I had been taught in my childhood our intestinal organization, and the digestive processes, I might have been spared to-day, how many hours of lassitude; how much regret over unfinished, and unfinishable, work: the clear light of knowledge might have shone for me, with a seductiveness superior to all clamorous instigations of passion, or of appetite, or of feeble habits: and I might have been pointed to as an example, sound and salutary, of how sin is, indeed, simply a want of knowledge! "Dear children," says a voice from the Educational Department, and the council chamber of the School-Board; "how grieved are we to see you in your unhealthy slums; victims of ignorance, innocent victims of neglected, and neglectful, generations; whose pitiable condition strikes so poignantly home to-day on our awakening conscience; over whom we are yearning with new emotions of maternal tenderness! Gather round our knees; the book of nature is open upon them: with careful finger we will point out to you her constituent parts, the hidden frame and working of this universal machine. As fact after fact is laid bare before you; as you wonderingly apprehend, and store them up in, your little, eager, brains, see! disease and misery drop quietly away; and you begin, at last, to know what life is, by virtue of this beatific vision!"

My superintendent of waiters at the Strand *restaurant*, Ouida's poor woman in the street at Florence, would

neither of them, it is probable, have passed the seventh standard with credit. The voice of the School-Board was not heard in the land of Italy, when they ran about her streets, or lounged, in that inimitable Italian fashion, along the steps of her churches. Believe me, when I say with seriousness, that I have a great reverence for the seventh standard; and will take off my hat, any day, to one of those astonishing young people, that have passed it. The Educational Department, and the School-Board, may be guilty of some eccentricities; and, at times, they may seem to lose their hold a little on common sense. But, then, let us remember, they are mortals after all; mortals called upon to deal with a new business of astonishing difficulty; and that, if they occasionally err, why, as the Latin grammar long ago warned us, "to err is human." The awakening of our conscience in this matter of national education, our latter-day sensitiveness to the responsibility of providing our fellow citizens with knowledge, may distinctly be set down to our credit: and if sometimes, as new hands at an art necessarily will be, we are found a trifle blundering and stupid, no sensible critic will be, by any means, for too much ungenerous railing. I would not, therefore, be understood, as suggesting, that, in our elementary schools, this insistence of ours upon instruction in physical facts, in historic or scientific facts, is idle or pedantic. To know the history of Timbuctoo; to be able to solve an algebraic equation; to get easily across the *Pons Asinorum*; to analyse an intricate stanza of Marmion; to state the component parts, and the elements, of a primrose, or a rainbow, or a coal; to illustrate the functions of the digestive organs, with a clear knowledge of the effect upon them of alcohol or nicotine, of vegetable as compared with animal food: I cast no slur upon the elaborated scheme, by which our young scholars are equipped for all this, so pitiably beyond the reach of an elder, and less fortunate generation. The Italian waiter, moved out of commonplace stolidity by a sonnet of Petrarch's; the Italian peasant-woman, radiant with her pride in Donatello; are not arguments against the educational code: and it would be insane to suggest, that these admirable examples of a traditional culture would be any the less admirable, could they satisfy the requirements of the code. But, for all that, may they



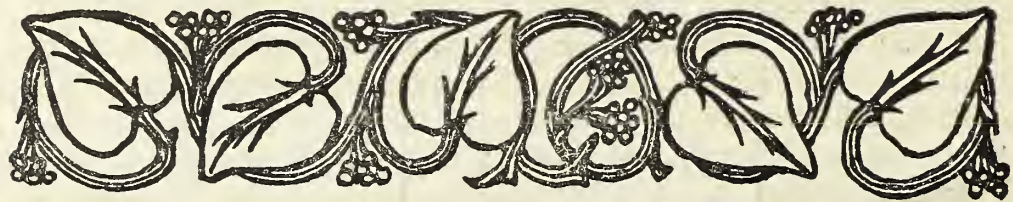
not have a message to us? We are in no danger of underestimating the importance of a purely intellectual education; that is, at the moment, safe in our hands: but does our responsibility begin there, and end there? You see, I am keeping true to my determination of being very serious in this number of the Hobby Horse; in spite of that bad habit of flippancy, which, at starting, led me astray for a few sentences; but which, with the sober eye of the Editor and his friends upon me, I may hope, in time, to get the better of.

I happen to be familiar with an elementary school in London, at the head of one department in which is a lady of singular cultivation, of singular qualifications for the delicate profession she engages in. The last time I went into the school, I found the walls of her classroom decorated with pictures, which she had begged from one quarter and another; and, if they were not all of them as fine works of art, as one might desiderate, they were at least a testimony to the value of decoration; an effort, to put it grandiosely, but with truth, to satisfy the human longing after beauty. A friend of mine, who is an energetic member of the School-Board, was complimentary enough to consult me the other day, with reference to a certain catalogue; as to what pictures he should recommend, on his committee, for use in any schools, under charge of the Board, which should make application for such adornment: and I learned from him, that our educational authorities were not without anxiety to stimulate this kind of application. It would seem, then, that we are not satisfied with simply teaching our children facts, and teaching them to use their wits. "If it is possible," we are beginning to say to ourselves, "we have not fulfilled our obligations to them, till we have made them sensitive to the claims of beauty: for in this sensitiveness lies how much of life's enjoyment; how much of *human* life, properly understood!" Certainly, one should hail any sign, which indicates in us so excellent a sense, of what is needful. The difficulties, which may lie in our way, are many: and some of the most considerable of these are not, I fear, within control even of the most sagacious educational reformers. But with an acknowledgment in us of the claims of beauty, with a desire to satisfy these claims, how pleasing a vision passes before one, of what we might begin to do! Already I seem to see

before me schoolrooms of fine proportions, adorned with reproductions of excellent works of art : admirably arranged are they, with a regard, not merely to their isolated merits, but to their dignified effect as a whole. The practical man has raised his protest against the money, which we have expended upon the purchase of these : and, at the last election-meeting, he has appealed to the pockets of the rate-payers ; making game of an infatuation, which blinds us to that sad indifference, with which the children out of our streets regard these fancies of ours. But we have ceased to be in awe of the practical man ; and even the rate-payer is coming round. We feel no overwhelming concern, because, as that practical voice keeps dinning in our ears, our children do not " appreciate " the good things provided for them : for we do not expect, that they will appreciate the things ; we only think, that there is some evidence of " a dawning interest " in them. The long years of neglect are not repaired in a day : lost instincts are not recovered at an effort : infelicitous circumstances are not wholly counteracted in a schoolroom. Nor are our English children alas ! inheritors of an ancient civilization, whose traditions linger, as it were, in the blood. We dream not, that to-morrow they will be trooping on a pilgrimage to St. Paul's, or to Leonardo's Madonna in the National Gallery. Yet, for all that, the heaven is working.

This, however, I am aware, is the spring-time. With the returning sunlight, and its genial warmth ; the buds bourgeoning ; the flowers renewing themselves in our fields and gardens ; the birds recovering their melody ; many hopes and aspirations are born in us, which come not to their accomplishment. I see some reader of this essay lay it down with a smile : for my dream, he says to himself, is one of these.

SELWYN IMAGE.







## OME LETTERS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The second anniversary of Mr. Arnold's death will fall soon after the publication of our April number, which is adorned with a poem about his grave at Laleham: Mr. Arnold was an indulgent reader of our magazine, even in the days of its wayward and inexperienced youth; he read its maturer productions with constant sympathy and approval; he was always interested in the fortunes of the "Hobby Horse"; and, to assist its fortunes, he was obliging enough to become a contributor himself. Alike for the pleasure of my readers, and that they might join with me in celebrating the fifteenth of April, more tenderly, and with a more intimate sense of our irreparable loss, I have desired, for some time, to let them share with me, in a few of Mr. Arnold's letters; especially in some of those, which refer to the "Hobby Horse"; and now, through Mrs. Arnold's kindness, I am enabled to realize my desire: I leave the letters to tell their own story; adding, here and there, a sufficient explanation; and I have inserted a fac-simile from the manuscript of the poem, which Mr. Arnold gave to me, for our July number in 1887.

The first letter, which I desire to publish, refers to some poems in one of our earliest numbers; the reference is most interesting, because it enunciates Mr. Arnold's belief, that poetry should be simple, direct, and plain: it was the theory, which Mr. Arnold followed in his own work; it was the theory of the great poets; but not the theory, as it would seem, and certainly not the practice, of the more illustrious writers of verse, in the present day. I had written to Mr. Arnold from Italy; and I had sent him some ivy, from the grave of "Thyrsis." The dogs, whom he mentions, are two dachs hounds, Port and Hock; a representation of Port, which is both decorative and accurate, is given as the tail-piece to this article.

I.

My dear Galton, Cobham, Surrey. Jan. 1st, 1886.

I have been abroad for some time on a school-errand from the Government; and on my return I find your letter, verses, and ivy—also the charming photographs of the two

dogs. We ourselves have two, and that must suffice us ; but if we outlive either of them, his place could not be better filled than by a child of your fascinating Pair.

The merit of the verses is in the firm effort to have and express a definite meaning. I like best the Mercury Sonnet because this effort is there, perhaps, most successful. It would have been more entirely successful still, to my thinking, if you had brought out *on what errands* you conceived Mercury as visiting both the Under-World and this World of ours. Exercise in verse cannot but be valuable to you if you set yourself to be thus distinct ; and if you can really succeed in being distinct, with your serious purpose and command of language, you are sure to interest others.

I wish you a happy New Year : I am returning to the Continent almost immediately and shall then have to face a second expedition to America ; after that, I hope to have a quiet time, but at present this time seems very far off.

Ever truly yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

## II.

My dear Galton,      Stockbridge, Mass.      July 30th, 1886.

The best thing I can do here for the Magazine (in which I am interested for Image's sake as well as yours) is to get my son-in-law to lay it upon the table of the University Club in New York, the best centre that I know of for the kind of people likely to be interested in such a publication. What you have written about Assisi is full of interest, but for the general public it should have perhaps had more about Assisi itself ; although the questions of criticism treated in the middle and latter part of the paper are in themselves highly important, and you have treated them with judgment and insight.

This climate does not suit me ; and, as far as health and efficiency are concerned, I shall be very glad to be back in England again. I hope to find the state of Nab Scar less afflicting than you say.

Ever truly yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

I had written to Mr. Arnold from Windermere : his letter refers to the July "Hobby Horse," for 1886 ; and, in the summer of that year, the Manchester water works were being carried through the Rydal valley, at the back of Wordsworth's house, and above his favourite walk.



The next letter refers to a Sonnet on Marcus Aurelius, published in the "Hobby Horse" for April, 1887.

III.

My dear Galton, Cobham, Surrey. Decr. 16th, 1886.

I like the Sonnet, and the man who inspires it is indeed excellent reading. I have a political article to write which I would fain write in his sense as much as possible: but I know, if I begin to re-read him, I shall go on and on and leave the promised political article unbegun.

We all send sympathy to Port—affectionate sympathy.

Ever yours sincerely, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

IV.

Pains Hill Cottage,

My dear Galton, Cobham, Surrey. Jan. 13th, 1887.

When I take up the "Hobby Horse" to look at it, I find myself going right through it; it has so much merit that its restricted publicity is really to be lamented. Could not something be done? What you say of Symonds is true and good.

Ever yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

I am sorry Port is amiss.

The mention of Mr. Symonds refers to a notice of his "Catholic Reaction," the last part of his collected materials for an history of "The Renaissance in Italy." A month or two after receiving this letter, I wrote to Mr. Arnold, to ask him whether the "something to be done" might not include a contribution from himself; and to tell him, that Mr. Ruskin had given us an article.

V.

My dear Galton, Hastings. April 21st, 1887.

Your letter has been forwarded to me here, where I have come to try and get rid of a sharp attack of lumbago. I shall find the "Hobby Horse," no doubt, on my return home.

I do not like to undertake anything as to contributing, for I have promised as much as I can well perform for this year. But if I can make anything of a little Horatian Echo, in verse, which has lain by me for years, discarded because of an unsatisfactory stanza, you shall have it. But I repeat that I can *promise* nothing.

I shall be curious to see what Ruskin has done for you.

His is indeed a popular influence ; I will not say that a contribution from me would do you no service ; but it is not to be compared, as a help with the great public, to one from J. Ruskin.

Hard dry winds, and an aching back ! but the sea is always inspiriting. Ever truly yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

In the spring of 1887, I wrote an essay upon Thomas Cromwell ; and I asked Mr. Arnold, whether I might dedicate my volume to him.

VI.

Pains Hill Cottage,

My dear Galton,

Cobham. April 7th, 1887.

I liked your paper in "Macmillan." You have an excellent subject in Thomas Cromwell : it shows how ignorant I am, that when my wife said he was Lord Essex, I contradicted her—but she proved to be quite right. Do you not think that your dedication is a little strong, applied to one who could make such a blunder about your subject ? I do, but I will not interfere with your freedom of action, if I have been of use to you and you wish to say so. We have a raging north wind here, and no flowers yet. I am glad Port has come round. We have just lost our dear dear mongrel, Kaiser, and we are very sad.

Ever truly yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

As soon as I heard of Mr. Arnold's bereavement, I offered him another dachs hound, Hans ; about whom I have several letters, and who is mentioned again in this series. Kaiser died upon the sixth of April ; and he was commemorated, in the following July, in an Elegiac Poem. The next letter refers to a box of fritillaries ; Oxford fritillaries, consecrated to "Thyrsis" and to Matthew Arnold's "pastoral song."

VII.

My dear Galton,

Cobham. May 6th, 1887.

You could not have sent me a prettier and pleasanter present. The purple flowers are come out to-day, and I think the white ones will come out to-morrow. They are all beautiful.

Ever truly yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

You shall hear about Hans as soon as quarters are prepared for him.















VIII.

My dear Galton, Cobham, Surrey. June 4th, 1887.

I send you the thing I promised—a relic of youth. It is quite artificial in sentiment, but has some tolerable lines, perhaps. Let me see a proof of the lines, and believe me, most truly yours,  
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The poem is entitled “Horatian Echo”: and as it recalls more than one of Horace’ Odes, I asked Mr. Arnold, before sending a copy of the manuscript to the press, whether he would not like the title to be plural; or whether, if he preferred the singular, it should not be “An Horatian Echo.”

IX.

My dear Galton, Cobham, Surrey. June 13th.

Of course you may keep the Manuscript. I think I prefer the singular of Echo to the plural, in this case; but as you please. Will you tell the Editor that I received, and thank him for, his kind letter. I shall be interested in seeing your Cromwell. You have taken, I repeat, a really excellent subject.

Ever yours truly, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

X.

My dear Galton, Athenæum Club,  
Pall Mall, S.W. June 15th.

I have been looking at your letter again. If you make the title plural, you must not put Echos but Echoes. There speaks the ex School-Inspector. But speaking as a composer, I really think the singular is preferable. Ever yours truly,  
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

XI.

My dear Galton, Cobham. June 18th.

I am going down into the north next week, and will take Cromwell with me. You have so good a subject that it would be a pity you should waste it;—and it would be wasting it, to employ it as a “bomb.” However, from turning over the pages I hope that this expression of yours alarmed me unnecessarily. I will write and tell you what I think when I have read you. The dedication makes me a little apprehensive, for fear it should injure the book. Strong praise provokes many people; and this praise is very strong, too strong. But if the book is good it will be able

to stand even this dedication to a less than half popular author. Ever truly yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

XII.

Fox How,

My dear Galton, Ambleside. June 23rd, 1887.

I have read your book through. It has many errors of the press, and your meaning is not always made quite clear; but I have been greatly interested, and the summing up in the latter part of the volume I think thoroughly good. If I have done anything to help you to the acquisition of the temper and judgment there shown, I am glad. I still think your dedication may provoke people, and be somewhat of an obstacle; but men like Stubbs, and S. Gardiner, and Freeman are the men whose judgment on the book it is important to have, and I cannot but believe they will be interested by it. I am only here for a day or two, and shall then return to Cobham.

Ever yours truly, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

XIII.

My dear Galton, Athenæum Club. July 4th, 1887.

As I expected, Macmillan says he has of course often thought of a single volume, but thinks the time not yet come. He is of opinion that the sort of people who want my poems are people who do not mind a high price if they get a handsome book. The case of Tennyson, he says, is "somewhat different." I never have been broadly popular, and I cannot easily bring myself to believe I shall ever become so. But I ought none the less to thank you for your interest, and your kind letter.

The judgment of Stubbs is really precious; and that of Gladstone, if it could be made public, would be the best of advertisements. I was sure, after reading the volume through, that you had done a good piece of work. I hear to-day that Hans, to whom I long to pay my respects, has passed two good days, and seems settling down in his new home.

Ever truly yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The following letter refers to a framed copy of the picture, which Mr. Watts gave to the January "Hobby Horse" for 1887.



XIV.

Pains Hill Cottage,

My dear Galton, Cobham, Surrey. July 11th.

Very many thanks to you and to Mr. Horne for the picture, which shows all Watts' power. The numbers of the "Hobby Horse" have arrived this morning. I hope, but can hardly believe, that my little bit of a thing may have been of some service to you. Ever truly yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

XV.

Pains Hill Cottage,

My dear Galton, Cobham, Surrey. Septr. 20th.

I have found your letter and magazines, on my return here. I like both your articles, though perhaps you are a little hard upon Macaulay—I have been a little hard on him myself. Such a wonderful correspondence between the man and his medium, as there was between Macaulay and the age in which he lived and worked, has hardly ever been seen; and what is provoking in him,—his cock sureness, his boundless satisfaction,—could hardly have been otherwise under the circumstances. After all, he pays a penalty heavier than any which our disparagement can inflict upon him—the penalty that he can hardly be of use to any mortal soul who takes our times and its needs seriously.

What you say of Gladstone is very interesting. I am glad to hear what Gardiner says of your Cromwell; I hope you will make your monograph the nucleus for a large and solid piece of work.

Ever truly yours, MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Hans is a perfect dear.

And so the letters end, with one of those intimate and delightful touches which reveal and which endear the writer:

*"Of little threads our life is spun,  
"And he spins ill, who misses one."*

The admirable simplicity of Mr. Arnold's published writings, the urbanity and the kindness of their manner, the buoyancy of their spirit, and the tenderness, "the sense of tears," which is always to be found in them, in spite of their buoyancy, have brought him into a close and an intimate rela-

tion with innumerable readers ; even with readers, who did not know him personally ; for he had the art of giving " so much which communicates his own spirit and engages " ours." So winning and so abiding are these personal qualities in him, that many readers have imagined an old and intimate friend to be speaking to them ; and this intimacy has tempted some of them, it may be, to over-look the power, the beauty, and the perfection, which are never absent from his writings. Other readers, it is evident, have been puzzled and offended by the " Distinction " of Mr. Arnold's work : by that undeniable quality in him, of which " the world is impatient ; it chafes against it, rails at it, insults " it, hates it ; it ends by receiving its influence and by under- " going its law." Others, again, have been seduced from the perfect clearness and simplicity of Mr. Arnold, by the miserable influences of this our Day ; by the more luxuriant though coarser styles, or by the louder though emptier tones, or by the imposing obscurity, of its most fashionable performers in prose and verse. Though more and more, as time goes on, the power, the beauty, and the perfection, of Mr. Arnold's work will be discerned ; if it be true, that " nothing lives but style," then he should be, almost certainly in prose, and certainly in verse, the most living of our Victorian men of letters : and he should be no less permanent for his matter, than for his style ; because the spirit of our time appears to have achieved in him, not only its most perfect, but its most complete, and its most representative, expression ; in his work, the finer intellectual movements of our Day are reflected in their greatest beauty and truth, and are represented with unequalled power. But although these high questions may be interesting to discuss, they are for the future only to decide ; an author's contemporaries never have decided them, and never can decide them, finally : what Mr. Arnold's contemporaries can decide, is that they feel in his work those intimate and those endearing qualities, of which I have spoken. Those delightful qualities, if a writer have them, are to be found most perfectly in his letters ; and this would be mine apology, were an apology required, for publishing these few letters : they show the kindness, the homeliness, and the unaffected simplicity of Mr. Arnold's bright and happy nature ; and therefore I hope they may



serve, in some small degree, to bring him nearer to those, who did not know him; that is, to make him more beloved and more fondly remembered. For those, who did know him, will not soon forget the charm of that gracious presence;

*"That comely face, that cluster'd brow,  
"That cordial hand, that bearing free,  
"I see them still, I see them now,  
"Shall always see!"*

never can they forget the fascination and the happiness, which were communicated by that buoyant though gentle spirit: the fifteenth of April will come and go, many times, before it ceases to dawn upon a group of mourners, who are inconsolable.

ARTHUR GALTON.



## LALEHAM.

Only one voice could sing aright  
His brother poet, lost in night :  
His voice, who sleeps not far away ;  
The pure and perfect voice, of Gray.  
The sleep of lowly men, he sang :  
For whom the solemn church bells rang,  
Over their silent fields and vales,  
Whence no rude sound their calm assails.  
He knew their melancholy rest,  
And peaceful sleep, on earth's kind breast :  
Their patient lives, their common doom,  
The beauty of their simple tomb.

One thing, he left unsung : how some,  
To share those village slumbers, come :  
Whose voices filled the world with joy,  
Who made high thoughts, their one employ.  
Ah, loving hearts ! too great, to prize  
Things, whereon most men set their eyes :  
The applauding crowd, the golden lure  
Of wealth, insatiate and unsure ;  
A life of noise ! a restless death ;  
The sanctities of life's last breath  
Profaned, with ritual pride and state ;  
Last pageant of the little great !  
But these ; to whom all crowns of song,  
And all immortal praise, belong ;  
Turn from each gairish sight and sound,  
To lay them down in humble ground :  
Choosing that still, eternal sleep,  
To be, where kindly natures keep :  
In sound of pleasant water rills,  
In shadows of the solemn hills.  
Earth's heart, earth's hidden way, they knew ;  
Now on their grave, light falls her dew :  
The music of her soul was theirs ;  
They sleep beneath her sweetest airs.

Beside the broad, gray Thames, one lies,

With whom a spring of beauty dies :  
Among the willows, the pure wind  
Calls all his wistful song to mind ;  
And, as the calm strong river flows,  
With it his mightier music goes :  
But those winds cool, those waters lave,  
The country of his chosen grave.  
Go past the cottage flowers ; and see,  
Where Arnold thought it good, to be !  
Half church, half cottage, comely stands  
An holy House, from Norman hands ;  
By rustic Time well taught, to wear  
Some lowly, meditative air ;  
Long ages of a pastoral race  
Have softened sternness, into grace :  
And many a touch of homelier use,  
From Norman strength, hath set it loose.  
Here, under old, red fruited yews ;  
And summer suns, and autumn dew ;  
With his lost children at his side,  
Sleeps Arnold. Still those waters glide,  
Those winds blow softly down their breast :  
But he, who loved them, is at rest.

LIONEL JOHNSON.





N CERTAIN CONFUSIONS OF  
MODERN LIFE, ESPECIALLY  
IN LITERATURE: AN ESSAY  
READ, AT OXFORD, TO THE  
GRYPHON CLUB OF TRINITY  
COLLEGE.

If I were in need of a single word to express the idea which I wish to follow out in this essay, I could scarcely, I think, find one in English; none, at least, that would completely fit my meaning: I should have to fall back upon the Greek. We translate the word *κόσμος* by *order*, *beauty*, or *world*, according to the context; but we have no single phrase that combines and identifies in our minds, as this word did in the minds of Greeks, the beauty of harmonious arrangement with the beauty of the visible world. We do not seem, indeed, to have at all the same quick perception of this kind of beauty that they appear to have had. The Author of "Modern Painters" has pointed out that, in the Odyssey, when Hermes approaches Calypso's cave, what he admires is, not so much the wild beauty of the island, as the trimness of the goddess's own domain, her four fountains arranged in order, and her beds of parsley and violets. In all the productions of the Greek invention this love of symmetry and harmonious order is continually eminent; it is this which, more than any other quality, distinguishes their art, their architecture, and their literature, from those of other nations.

We in England, on the contrary, are, most of us, accustomed to look at things through a different atmosphere. We do not readily notice the charm of symmetry; certainly, not half so readily as we notice the charm of the picturesque, which usually means a series of agreeable and natural accidents, rather than any quality due to outline and arrangement: and we have a strong sentiment for what is weird; a love of twilight, when all clear outlines are obscured; of melancholy, mystery, romance. What northern poet or painter would take delight in the contemplation of trim plots of parsley and violets? The garden of his choice will be one of trailing roses, and ivied walls, and leaf-strewn alleys; such a place, perhaps, as Mr. Swinburne's "Forsaken Garden;" filled with a haunted air and an almost ghostly feeling: and when

he paints it or describes it, we shall probably find that he sets it, not in the searching daylight, but in the glow of sunset, or the first gloom of evening.

Now return to Greece; how sharp is the contrast! What is most striking in the dying speeches of the men and women in Greek tragedies? Is it not that strong love of the daylight, which makes them seem as grieved to think that they shall see the sun no more, as at losing any friend? They love the morning, with its clearness and brightness; they shrink at the thought of the gloom of death.

Yet, what are we to say about the sombreness and melancholy, which we find in Simonides, and Mimnermus, and in some of the choruses of Sophocles? what of the famous passage in the Oedipus at Colonus, *μη φῦναι τὸν ἅπαντα νικᾷ λόγον*: *Not to be born is, beyond all computation, best*? At first sight one might think that the theme of this mournful strain was the sadness of *life*; but if we consider a little, and remember by what it was suggested, the spectacle of Oedipus in his unhappy old age, we shall rather say that it is the sadness of decay and death, that is the real theme: for to be born appears a thing to be lamented, only because it brings with it the certainty of decay and death; the bitterness of which increases in proportion to one's faculty for enjoying life. Such a faculty the Greeks seem to have possessed, even beyond the rest of the pleasure-loving southern nations: they did not take trivial things seriously, nor were solemn where lightness was becoming; and were never too preoccupied for repose, as well as for gaiety and vivacity.

For us, on the contrary, who must be busy, at whatever cost, how many and imperious are the cares, and how seldom permanent or real the enjoyments, of life. Restlessness is in our veins; we desire, but cannot spare the time for, quiet; and so it is not unnatural that the thought of tranquillity at least in death, if not that of peaceful happiness beyond death, makes us look to the grave with little of that strong chill and repulsion which it struck into the Hellenic mind. I almost think that our writers have had more joyful things to say about death than about life; though this of course is due, in great measure, yet not, I think, altogether, to the difference in religion, and to Christianity.



I fear that I may seem to have begun with a digression ; but what I have said will serve to introduce what I am to attempt in this essay. Let me first, however, declare that I have no new theory or doctrine to advance ; only things which are for the most part obvious : but it is the obvious things which we seem to be most fond of neglecting.

The diversities which I have dwelt upon are indications, not without a meaning. Our love of picturesqueness and of mystery, and the Greek love of symmetry and clearness, are very significant elements in the spirit of either nation. Far be it from me to glorify the one and altogether to depreciate the other : in our sense for the mystery of the world we have something which makes us richer than the Greeks ; but we let it dominate us too much : to satisfy this sense we overlook things which should have claimed continual attention ; we are apt to lose perspective, and even truth. He who prefers to look at the world by moonlight, enjoys a softened, a more tender, and more attractive aspect of its realities ; but he is not likely to get a just or complete conception of what it is like.

I wish to take this old idea of a *cosmos* in things and apply it to our modern life. It needs little observation to see how striking are its disproportions, misdirections, misapplications ; how little symmetry there is, either in our thought, or our conduct, or our art, or our religion, or our literature ; how rarely we discern the true spheres of things, and the limits of those spheres, or adjust our behaviour to our ideas. All this, I suppose, is, in a great measure, due to that extreme tendency to what is called specialism, so characteristic of this active and commercial time. It is a useful, and a profitable thing to be a specialist ; but we may remember that there is a sort of degradation about it ; it tends to sink the man in the machine, and it takes him away from the centre, to run in a groove. Perhaps it is idle to deplore so masterful a tendency ; for how few spheres of life are left now, that are not governed by the principles of Trade ! Yet we need not quite all be specialists ; at any rate, not yet ; and least of all should we be so in a University. Here, before we also are absorbed into it, there is time to see clearly the wants and the follies of our restless Age.

Does it not remind one, sometimes, of a field, covered with



molehills, where everyone is burrowing blindly, and scraping like a mole, his way to fortune? There are not many of us who feel very keenly, when we die, the loss of the sun; partly because we are seldom able, partly because we do not care, to see and to enjoy it. Our pursuits, like our atmosphere, want daylight.

As it is with individuals, so it is with societies, sects, and nations: each pursues its own path, either regardless of everything outside that path, or else, at the expense of infinite energy, bent on converting the whole world to its own persuasions. They do not see that every nation, every human type, every individual man, has each his own peculiar requirements, and that what satisfies one can rarely satisfy another; that there cannot be harmony without diversity. And thus we have another bad tendency, *a tendency to uniformities*.

I may seem, perhaps, to be contradicting here what I said about specialism, which does, indeed, necessitate a certain kind of diversity. But though it is a good thing to be a factor in the harmony of the world, it is a better to be an intelligent factor; to perform your own task well, but at the same time to have a reasonable sympathy with the pursuits of other men, and to be able to appreciate each at its proper value. For the specialist can hardly fail vastly to overrate the importance of his special sphere.

And by this tendency to uniformities, also, how much do we lose! Consider, for example, our ordinary speech: how the innumerable niceties of meanings and of words are fading and being blurred; how language has gone to seed in epithets and superlatives. The adjectives of an average conversation scarcely range beyond a score; but these are prodigally and mercilessly repeated, clapped rudely on to nouns they do not suit, or that do not need them, without felicity, or aptness, or sense. And to take another small sign; our dress: few will deny that, except it may be for casual twins, no man's appearance is exactly like that of any of his neighbours; yet half the world goes into a sort of uniform mourning, when it means to be social and gay; and in England, at least, we all go into mourning when we wish to make a cheerful noise in church. And if the appearance and the person of no two men are ever precisely similar, how

much more is it so with their minds and characters ; yet the Law, like Society, regards all as alike. Still, it would, doubtless, be dangerous to admit such ideas into so delicate a province ; even in the matter of dress, it might scarcely be expedient if everyone could, with impunity, indulge his peculiar fancies ; or we might have to bear the daily spectacle of invented garbs, types of all that is wonderful, frightful, and insane.

Unintelligent specialism and unmeaning uniformity have alike a bad result ; each tends to spoil the sense of proportion. The great aim is, to see things as they are ; and to see things as they are, one must see them in relation to the things around them ; since nothing, I suppose, has an isolated or independent existence. Sit on a bench in the park, and look at a particular blade of grass in front of you : you see it very clearly and definitely, but do you see it as it is ? Raise your eyes and look at the whole scene before you ; your blade has disappeared, you cannot find it : it is in its proper place, unnoticed. Illustrations of such false perspective are ready to hand in plenty, especially with regard to the events and personages of the age. But it would be unfair, perhaps, to speak of these last ; because they are, many of them, inevitable in any nation and at any period. In these matters, Time alone will set us right.

What, then, is proposed as a remedy of these disproportions ? How are we to see things as they are ?

It is not difficult. Cultivation of the dramatic, the sympathetic, faculty may do much ; the making oneself master of many standpoints ; the regarding of other nations with the sentiment, not of the traveller, but of the inhabitant ; the knowledge of the great facts of history. And as it is wholesome, at times, to ascend mountains, and see the world, where we live, and which we think so much of, dwindled at our feet ; so it may be wholesome at times, though not too often, lest we should be overwhelmed, to ascend in imagination the regions of space, and look at our universe from other universes. A little plain reflection, and a consciousness of the vastness of the world, may chasten and correct our views of life, and save us from much waste of force and mind.

Ah ! yes ; but who, in a crowded, hurried, circumscribed existence, can find leisure to be thus wise ? Doubtless, in

our actions, we are the slaves of time and of circumstance ; we have often to give ourselves to some " unmeaning task-work ", that takes all our energies, and repays us nothing ; and doubtless it is necessary that, to some extent, this should be so: yet in the world of ideas, of thought, who shall confine or cramp us? In action, let us choose well, if that good fortune be allowed us, what is most fitted to our nature and our powers ; in our *views* of life we can be free.

It should be above all things, I think, the office of literature to help us here ; to keep enlarged ideas before us ; to teach us to see our way by simplicity, harmony, clearness.

Does it do so at present? Alas ! it, too, is full of complexities, full of confusions. Nothing is commoner now than to talk of prose-poems, pictures in words, epics in sound, and such fatuities ; the boundaries of each art are crossed and obliterated ; as if no province of art could be developed or expanded without invading some other province ! We *roam*, but do not *soar*. And not only is this true of the various fields of literature, but of literature in relation to science: people are continually trying to graft the one upon the other.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his book on Education, has some suggestive remarks on this subject. They may seem, perhaps, to an ordinary reader, to have something of petulance about them ; but apparently, when this book was published, Science was not regarded with the profound adoration which Mr. Spencer eloquently demands. So earnest a pleader for her rights is he, that he makes claims for her, which seem, to me, at least, remarkable.

He says, for instance: " How happens the cultivated gentleman to enjoy a fine poem so much more than a boor does ; if it is not because his wider acquaintance with objects and actions enables him to see in the poem much that the boor cannot see? " That is true ; but he goes on to say, that " the more realities an artist indicates in any given amount of work, the more faculties does he appeal to ; the more gratification does he afford ; *and to know these realities is to have that much science.* " This last assertion, on the contrary, seems to me, if not untrue, at any rate most misleading : it cannot be true, unless by science is meant knowledge gained *by experience*, knowledge of life, of " objects and actions, " as Mr. Spencer puts it ; but is it this which we usually mean



by science? I had always imagined that the name was applied to knowledge gained *by investigation*, not to that gained by experience. And certainly Mr. Spencer himself seems to support this view, when, after declaring that "the current opinion that science and poetry are opposed, is a delusion," he says: "It is not true that the facts of science are unpoetical; . . . science opens up realms of poetry where, to the unscientific, all is a blank." And he illustrates his meaning by examples of knowledge which could only be obtained by scientific investigation. "Think you," he exclaims, "think you that a drop of water, which to the vulgar eye is but a drop of water, loses anything in the eye of the physicist, who knows that its elements are held together by a force which, if suddenly liberated, would produce a flash of lightning? Think you that the rounded rock, marked with parallel scratches, calls up as much poetry in the ignorant mind as in the mind of the geologist, who knows that over this rock a glacier slid a million years ago? The truth is, that those who never entered upon scientific pursuits are blind to most of the poetry by which they are surrounded. Whoever has not in youth collected plants and insects, knows not half the halo of interest which lanes and hedgerows can assume. Whoever has not sought for fossils, has little idea of the poetical associations that surround the places where embedded treasures are found. Whoever at the sea-side has not had a microscope and aquarium, has yet to learn what the highest pleasures of the sea-side are."

But all this fervent language serves only to mislead. These are interesting facts, it may be granted; but why *poetical*? It is time to protest against the vague, unlicensed way in which words like this are used: it is in this fashion that people talk of the poetry of the heavens, and of coal-mines; meaning, I suppose, that what science tells us of these things strikes them as being wonderful, and removed from ordinary life; and they would echo Mr. Spencer, doubtless, when he speaks of geology as "that grand epic, written by the finger of God upon the strata of the earth."

There is a little poem of Walt Whitman's that one might quote with point:

*"When I heard the learned astronomer,  
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me,*

*When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and measure them ;  
When I, sitting, heard the astronomer, where he lectured with much applause in  
the lecture-room,  
How soon unaccountably I became tir'd and sick,  
Till rising, and gliding out, I wander'd off by myself  
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time  
Look'd up, in perfect silence, to the stars."*

Before leaving Mr. Spencer, I should like to take one of his instances and examine it for a moment. Take the instance of the drop of water : is it not obvious that such a fact as that could never be employed in a poem with any poetical effect ? Why is this ? It is because, though a truth, it has no reality to the mind ; it does not come home to it ; for who, except physicists, who are not, I suppose, great readers of poetry, ever connects drops of water with flashes of lightning ? How could a poem be criticised or seriously regarded, if it were filled with images, each of which required a physicist, or a chemist, or a geologist, even to explain them, still more to appreciate them ? The writer who imagines that such facts as these are material for poetry ; and if they are poetical, as Mr. Spencer tells us they are, surely they must be material for poetry ; such a writer neglects the vital and imperious need, for the mind, of association ; just as do those writers of elaborate description, who put a pictorial epithet to every word, forgetting that what is familiar to our eyes can rarely require such an epithet to bring it before our minds, and that there are some things for which the epithet *indescribable* is the best description. Does not Dante, as he portrays his terrible and vast conceptions, continually bring his words home to us by comparisons with familiar things ?

It is thus that, when we would seek fresh fields for poetry, we are driven back to this first and last test : that the force and value of an image should be tried only by the power with which it appeals to the mind, the feelings, and the experiences of the natural man ; not, that is to say, the man who has made of the subject a special investigation and research.

In the instance of the drop of water, not only has the fact no reality to the uninstructed mind, but it is a detail purely scientific ; it is gained by a process akin to dissection ; and anything like dissection is painful to the truly creative spirit, which regards things from the outside as living wholes, and

does not pull them to pieces or inquire into their mechanism. With the instance of the "rounded rock, marked with parallel scratches," the case is somewhat different. Everyone knows that stones and rocks are incalculably old, and everyone can imagine the glacier sliding over the rocks ; though such a thought is not, I think, half so rich in poetry as the thought of the human associations which may have belonged to such a stone, and which do not require a knowledge of geology to be appreciated.

Poetry, then, and Science, both of them deal with life and nature ; but is there really no opposition between them ? Does Poetry only follow in the footsteps of her pushing mistress ? In the attempt to find truth, is she only a less successful imitator ? Surely it is not so. The difference between them, and it is vast, lies in their method : for one is as a spectator who tells his impressions, the other as an inquisitor, who records facts. Do not let us fall into the error of disparaging either ; each has its own functions ; but above all, let us not confuse those functions, or let one intrude upon the other.

The influence of Science has been growing enormously of late ; though there are not wanting signs of a reaction against the unbalanced worship and unreasonable glorification of her : and I suppose it is natural that the Muses, the poor Muses, who have had so little to support them of late, from their votaries

*" Whose sounds are forced, whose notes are few ! "*

should endeavour to maintain themselves by adopting the armoury of their rival. Hence many endeavours on the part of writers, both of prose and of verse, to infuse science and the scientific spirit into literature.

The reviewer, for instance, who wishes to criticise a book, pulls it into small pieces : if the review be intended to give a favourable impression, what seem to him to be the most attractive morsels are presented to his readers ; if the reverse, the least attractive. I need not apologize for not too agreeable imagery, when our magazines are full of articles, in which the popular novelist is said, perhaps, " to throw a woman on the dissecting table, and patiently dissect her " : a revolting phrase, intended merely to describe the study of



a woman's character. How rarely do we meet with a review, which gives us a complete impression of the work reviewed! Even so distinguished an author as Mr. Lowell falls into this vice. In his essay on Dryden, he picks out many fine, and interesting, and beautiful lines or phrases from Dryden's plays; but he does not give us criticisms on each play, as a whole.

But it is not only the critic, but the writers, that he criticises, who are tinged with this spirit of science. Not only does Mr. Browning, in the pages of our journals, go by the title of "the great analyst;" but to me, if I must confess it, he seems to have a little too much of the analytic, not quite enough of the true creative spirit. And many of our famous novelists give only too much excuse to the critic for talking of them as dissectors. Others there are, too, who try to adopt into literature, not the spirit, but the facts, of science; such as Lord Tennyson, whose Muse is fond of conciliating science by lines like

*"There sinks that nebulous star we call the sun,"*

a line, one would think, after Mr. Herbert Spencer's heart; yet a line, without beauty, and without value: or like the authoress of a lately published work, "The Ascent of Man," who gives us Darwin's theory in verse. How absurd to suppose that any poetry can live, which merely tells us what science has already told us, far better.

No! it is not science that will mend our poetry; nor, on the other hand, will beautiful fancies and visionary dreams. Beautiful fancies! if we could only think them true, how pleasant truth would be.

What is wanted in our literature, and what is wanted in our life, is something of the "ampler ether," the "diviner air," a consciousness of the great things of the universe, such as we find in the verse of the greatest poets, and in the sayings and actions of the greatest men. To-day, I do not know where we are to look for such a feeling, in poetry at least, except, at times, in Whitman:—

*"O what is it in me that makes me tremble so at voices?  
Surely whoever speaks to me in the right voice, him or her shall I follow,  
As the water follows the moon, silently, with fluid steps, anywhere round the  
globe,"*

or again :—

*"That the hands of the sisters, Death and Night, incessantly, softly wash over  
and over again this soil'd world."*

But the same strain is found in all of the greatest writers before our time, from Homer to Goethe ; it is in such lines as Wordsworth's :—

*"No motion has she now, no force,  
She neither hears nor sees,  
Roll'd round in Earth's diurnal course  
With rocks, and stones, and trees !"*

and in our own time we have it in Matthew Arnold's verse ; in poems like his "Consolation," or his "In Utrumque Paratus."

The reading of a great poem, or the hearing of a great play, should be like an experience, like Life : when we make acquaintance with them first in youth, they move us with a "fine, careless rapture," they enchant us with their beauty and magnificence ; but as they grow more familiar, it is the thoughts, the truth, the reality, that fill us and impress us more ; and the words take a profounder, often a more pathetic meaning. So it is with the great books of the world ; so it is with Life.

I seem to have been a little led away by this last part of my subject : unconsciously, perhaps, I have served to illustrate my own theme, and show how natural is our faculty for disproportion.

LAURENCE BINYON.



## A QUESTION AND AN ANSWER.

*The Question :* What is Love? Is Love in this,  
That flies between us, in a kiss?  
Nay, what is Love? Is Love the zest,  
That wakes, when I unloose my breast?  
But what is Love? Say now: who knows,  
Or where he lurks, or how he shows?

*The Answer :* Celia, Truth is harsh, I fear:  
Love, as yet, can scarce be here.

Love is poor; nay, Love is sorry;  
Tears, not kisses, chiefly stay him:  
His sad weeds best tell his story;  
Vain delights befool, bewray him.

Truth, alas! is hard to bear:  
Know, as yet, Love is not here.

But, when the evil days are come,  
If those same lips, which kiss you now,  
Still make your tearful eyes their home,  
And chide the sorrow from your brow,

Then say to your own heart, my dear:  
Abide, poor heart, for Love is here.

Love is a light, in darkened ways;  
Love is a path, in pathless lands;  
Love is a fire, in winter days;  
A staff, in chill, unsteady hands.

Speak to your heart, my own, my dear;  
Say: this is Love, and Love is here.

HERBERT P. HORNE.





## NOTE UPON ROSSETTI'S METHOD OF DRAWING IN CRAYONS.

Some time ago, in conversation with a friend on methods of drawing, I was led to show him in one of the letters from Rossetti, which lie sacredly packed in my table drawer, a passage relative to his manner of using crayons. To this, I added what I knew from personal observation of his practice, which so interested him, that he urged it must prove of interest to others, if recorded. "For," he said, "while we write and talk, without any sense of labour whatever, because we grow into these capacities by teaching and example insensibly; the most of us step with pain and incertitude in the paths of design, because we have little traditional precept or example. And if the conditions of the Age, in which we live, are adverse to immediate tradition from master to pupil; surely we should, at least, when so extraordinary an artist as Rossetti has passed from our midst, seek to lay up, as treasure, every fragment of his methods that can be recorded." Such arguments were potent to stir me to pen this brief paper, especially as I considered how original, how peculiarly his own, were all Rossetti's methods of work: I say *methods*, for he was as truly methodical, as unique, in these respects. His earlier drawings were executed in pen and ink, or pencil; chalk was a rare material. About the year 1864, I became acquainted with a "compressed charcoal" of French manufacture, which showed such loving fellowship for the surface of paper, that I had the greatest pleasure in its use, as a substitute for chalk and charcoal; since it hit the happiest medium between the hardness of the one, and the two easy generosity of the other. Therefore I said to Rossetti one evening, "Eureka! I have found an Elysian charcoal; and here is a sample for you, if you would like to share my pleasure."

With that instant perception of fitness to his requirements, which eminently characterized him, he gauged the latent capabilities of the new material's development in his hands; and forthwith exclusively adopted it, as the basis of all his larger studies.

Thus was initiated that beautiful series of Crayon heads,

of which one noble specimen may be seen in the Water Colour Gallery of the South Kensington Museum.

Of this felicitously composed material, Rossetti fortunately laid in a large supply; for after the Franco-German War, I found it impossible to procure more. In all too sad probability, the skilled hands that once made it, had stiffened in that deadly grapple; and this charcoal's precious formula had perished with them. Since that, the name only lives; for the article now sold under it has nothing of the velvet texture of the true stuff, none of its affinity with the paper's tooth, and is of a colder and more ashen hue.

Rossetti was in the habit of using a hand-made paper, of a bluish-gray tint; and his mode of procedure was to draw in the head and draperies in broadly-defined light and shade, with this charcoal. The forms well assured, he would then, with a broad point of red Conté chalk, skim the whole flesh-surface with a pale red tint, his delicate hand working evenly and rapidly in one direction. This done, with thumb or finger, he tenderly rubbed the whole space, so as to marry the particles of red chalk with the charcoal; keeping the shadows gray, and sweetening, into unity and rotundity, the edges, where they met the light; and deepening the hair with more red or black, as his subject demanded. This accomplished, he proceeded to restore with the charcoal, so much of the form, as had become obscured in these processes, refining and defining all; "finding out more," to quote his own expressive phrase, for his sitter's face was to him an ever-increasing wonder. Lastly, he would fortify the lips with more red; till all, blooming into vital beauty, was prepared to receive the high lights. These he would add with pipe clay prepared in sticks, using it sparingly; and very rarely rubbing the surface after this, because the mixture of the pipe clay with the red produced an offensive, bricky hue: and it was to correct occasional stumbles of this sort, that I brought him a natural gray chalk. Years after, he abandoned the blueish-gray paper, for a delicate, greenish dye; and it is to this modification in his practice, that the letter, mentioned at the opening of this note, has reference. It bears the date 27 August, 1869; and the relevant passage runs thus: "In the matter of chalk drawings, I don't know what paper you use. The blue gray is, of course, the one more tending to



deaden redness ; but it is apt to resist covering for a long time, and leave the drawing cold, besides much increasing outlay of work to remedy this. I have lately adopted a very slightly greenish tint instead, which has great advantages, but of course requires caution as to redness. However, if you make a good progress with your tints, by merely rubbing with your finger, before you put white in at all, this difficulty may be combated ; as I think the white rubbed into the red, is what chiefly reddens it. I have found the piece of gray chalk, you brought me, useful to deaden little rednesses in finishing ; and have, therefore, got some more from Brodie. One objection to the greenish paper is, that it is so light, that the white makes at first little effect on it. I think not a bad plan is to make a mixture of black and red powdered chalk, dip a stump in it, rub it almost off the stump, and then rub the stump *all over* the paper you are going to work on, before you begin. The tint, thus rubbed, should be no stronger than a sky ; but is neutral and pleasant with the greenish tint underneath, and gives a good ground to work into ; as the white tells on it, and you can bread out lights. I suppose, like myself, you hardly use the stump at all in actual work, but always rub with the fingers."

This "slightly greenish" paper was hand-made, having a coarse, almost excessive tooth, which Rossetti often deplored ; but none, with a less broken surface, could be obtained.

Still later, his method was influenced by acquaintance with a chalk, known as Bistre ; in tint, nearly equivalent to that, obtained by the blending of the red chalk and compressed charcoal. This, he used almost to the exclusion of the red chalk ; and finally, the pipe clay was also discarded, to give place to "breaded-out lights." It is to this culminating method that the admirable example in the South Kensington Museum belongs ; bearing the date 1875, a period of eleven years from his initial efforts in this manner. It is a study of the head for his picture of "Astarte Syriaca."

There is one important point of warning, to those who have the privilege of possessing any of these drawings.

They are drawn with materials that will never change colour ; and as long as the paper endures, so long will the



vision of beauty remain undimmed, shining from it. But they are more sensitive to coarse handling, than a pastel drawing: a rude breath will liberate the particles of charcoal from the surface, if the work is removed from beneath the glass. He often regretted, that so large a section of his best work should, by its very constitution, lie at the mercy of any heedless person: and he once allowed me to fix one of these drawings, as an experiment, by the spray process; but something of the velvet bloom of the surface, vanished under the operation, and he thought the loss to the drawing's vitality was not even compensated, by its insurance from friction. To have set up this finger-post of warning, is the best value of these lines. FREDERIC SHIELDS.





BRIEF NOTICE OF STRAFFORD  
AS RECENTLY PERFORMED  
AT THE NEW THEATRE IN  
OXFORD.

To see the performance of *Strafford*, at the New Theatre in Oxford, was to be filled with many curious thoughts; as, that here was a play, the work of a poet twenty-four years old, acted by men of hardly that age; or, that its great and well mourned author was but lately dead, close upon fourscore years: or again, that its first presentation was given fifty-three years ago, by the excellent actor, Macready, at whose request it was composed; whilst this was but its second worthy presentation; with a son of our chief living actor, in the first part. So that it was with a mind less prepared to criticize, than to enjoy, that the present critic watched the performance at Oxford.

*Strafford* is a great play, and a wonderful play; but equally a very difficult: as indeed Browning knew, when he wrote the preface, from which the following sentences are quoted: "I had for some time been engaged in a Poem of a very different nature, when induced to make the present attempt; and am not without apprehension that my eagerness to freshen a jaded mind by diverting it to the healthy natures of a grand epoch, may have operated unfavourably on the represented play, which is one of Action in Character, rather than Character in Action. To remedy this, in some degree, considerable curtailment will be necessary, and, in a few instances, the supplying details not required, I suppose, by the mere reader."

A play of Action in Character: that is, the audience must have intelligent minds, appreciative of subtilties, awake to motives, and sympathetic with emotions. They must be content to take a change of expression, or a sudden phrase, in place of things done, and of actual events: if *Strafford* start, or Lady Carlisle laugh, that may indicate a crisis in the play's evolution; nothing can be trivial, nothing of slight importance, yet, for dramatic reasons, a little abridgement there must be: and it requires the nicest discretion, the clearest insight, to carry out that abridgement. The play was entrusted, therefore, to the skilled hands of Mr. Court-



ney, of New College: nor do we disagree with his management of the text, but in one place; the dialogue between the King and the Queen, at the conclusion of the second Act, is surely essential to the right comprehension of these two characters. Certainly, four successive dialogues are not effective, to the dramatic eye: but, upon that series of revelations, depend the parts played by the chief actors. Yet, Mr. Courtney has handled Browning with reverence; preserving nearly all the poetry, whilst elucidating the progress of the play.

Strafford is all in all, in the play: and he was all in all, upon the Oxford stage. His supreme devotion to his King; his intellectual haughtiness towards the popular "patriots"; his contempt for the crowd of brainless courtiers; his confidence in his own strength; his distrust, not of the King, but of the King's character; not one of these elements in Strafford, but was appreciated, and expressed, by Mr. Henry Irving. It was his great merit, and his singular charm, that he acted with equal grace and strength: that he was, in truth, natural, where he might have been only powerful. There was no extravagant force; no annoying, personal power, expressive of himself, rather than of Strafford: but we felt, that we could trust him with the great passions of a great nature; assured, that in his hands, they would strike home to our emotions and to our intellects. Whether *splendide mendax*, to screen his King; or simply touching, imprisoned with his children; Mr. Henry Irving understood, and manifested, the appropriate action, the becoming spirit, the magic of events; their power to hold us bound and enchanted, as the play of mind with mind, by some inevitable certainty, issued in fatal consequence. And over the whole drama, he threw this fascination, this beauty of intellectual Art: for in the actor's art, even in historical drama, there should be a certain magic: revealing, behind the hardness of presented facts, a kind of faery representation; the sense of a soul in things, harmonizing their conflict, and spiritualizing their agitation. In this play, the romantic spirit is given, by that strange blending of beauty and graciousness, with fatality and defeat, which marks the Stuart line, and the true Cavalier: Charles and Strafford, Falkland and Laud, are certainly "stars of night," not



suns; certainly "supreme," not commonplace; certainly "forsaken," not fortunate. This impression, fanciful, if you will! the acting of Mr. Henry Irving strengthened in us: that is, his art was beautiful, a thing of grace and strength together.

Of the other chief characters, Charles and his Queen, Lady Carlisle and Pym, we can here say nothing: not because silence is the kindest criticism in their case, but because they call for neither great praise, nor great blame. Among the lesser characters, perhaps Lord Warkworth, as Hollis, and Mr. Lambert, as the Puritan, were the most notable: both acted with excellent judgement, and a proper sense of their position: but, indeed, most of the subordinate parts were played excellently.

The scenery, executed from the designs of Mr. Alma Tadema, was such, as was to be looked for from that well-known artist: the music, performed by an orchestra under the command of Mr. Farmer of Balliol, was admirably chosen: that quaint piece, "*Here's a Health unto his Majesty*," by Savile, 1678, delighted us beyond measure. And of Browning's own music for the Italian boat song, too much praise is impossible: it served to remind us, how in Browning we have lost an exquisite musician, and an artist of many arts.

Our loss is too recent, and our sorrow too great, to attempt here any expression of them: it is enough to say, that *Strafford* proves, what no sane man doubts; that Browning's art was true; his style, pure; his music, perfect: that he required at our hands, as what great poet does not? an intellect to understand, no less than a soul to feel, his poetry. But in this age; so intolerant of severity, so impatient of thought, so blind to beauty; men resent his distinction, and deny his greatness: an age, which thinks Arnold "dull," thinks Browning "dense"; not seeing, that Arnold is too simple in his greatness, and Browning too wise in his; to touch the vitiated affections of this time. Yet to all, who love and honour them, as they loved and honoured each other, the calamitous folly of to-day brings no disquiet, nor misgiving: we know, that these men will live always, because they have helped us to live now; have strengthened, consoled, and heightened us.

Certainly, the passion of pity has not often been more moving, than when, as Clieveland said, in those bitterly contemptuous poems,

*"Than when the glorious Strafford stood at bay."*

Nor is it possible to comprehend the King,

*"The man with the mild voice, and mournful eyes,"*

in any truer sense, than by watching this play: where the betrayed loves his betrayer; whose betrayal of his servant is a prophecy of death upon himself. That we could enjoy the beauty of Browning's verse, and sound the depths of Browning's thought, our thanks are due to Mr. Henry Irving.

LIONEL JOHNSON.



THE PORTRAIT OF THOMAS HOWARD, THIRD DUKE OF NORFOLK, E.M., K.G., BY HANS HOLBEIN.

It is one of the defects of our National Gallery, wholly admirable as it is, in many ways, that it contains few, if any pieces exhibiting the rise and developement of the art of painting in England during the sixteenth century, and the early part of the seventeenth; though the height of the English School, during the last century, is tolerably shown. This defect will in some measure be remedied, when the Collection of National Portraits is lodged in the building, which is to adjoin the present gallery, in Trafalgar Square. Meanwhile we are forced to be content with such examples of the earlier Art, as are scattered through our various public and private collections; unless an opportune occasion should arise for bringing some of them together, such as that which the Exhibition of the Royal House of Tudor, at the New Gallery, has afforded us, during this winter. In the history of Painting in England, as in the history of Poetry, the progress of the art, no less than its decay, has always coincided with the rise, or with the decline, of Italian influences. Those influences, at first misunderstood, or indirectly communicated, led to the exuberant and "incondite" art of the Elizabethans. The architects of that age, in their emulation of Italian buildings, copying only the richness of the details, perceived nothing of the restrained spirit of the



originals: and it was not till the great Caroline artists brought a severer tradition of Art directly from Italy, that our Architecture assumed that simplicity and propriety, which alone are permanently satisfying. Nor was it very different with our Painting: if the undoubted pieces by Holbein are excepted, from among the pictures at the New Gallery, how few of the pictures by his contemporaries are of first-rate merit. Yet to what beauty and accomplishment, the art attained, during the first half of the seventeenth century, the portrait of Endymion Porter, by William Dobson, whom King Charles called the English Tintoret, and which has not been long added to the National Gallery, sufficiently shows. To Holbein's own work, especially to his portraits, it is not possible to give sufficient praise. He, perhaps even more than any painter that has yet lived, was able to hold a perfect balance between the appearance of things as they exist, and the idea of them as the mind desires it. The painting by him, which we have chosen for the frontispiece of the present number, is the portrait of Thomas Howard, Third Duke of Norfolk, who is represented wearing the collar and badge of the Garter, and holding the gold stick, as Earl Marshal, in his right hand, and the white staff, as Lord High Treasurer, in his left.

There are two versions of this portrait, and each of them is exhibited at the New Gallery: the one is lent by the Duke of Norfolk; the other, which we reproduce, by The Queen, out of the royal collection at Windsor. The Duke of Norfolk's painting is thus inscribed: THOMAS DVKE OFF NORFOLK MARSHALL AND TREASVRER OFF INGLONDE THE LXVI YERE OF HIS AGE. If this inscription be accurate, it proves, that the portrait was taken in 1538-9. Mr. Wornum remarks, in his "Life of Holbein," that the Windsor portrait has traces of a similar inscription. Whether each of these pieces be the work of Holbein, has not been ascertained. The face of the Arundel portrait has been retouched, by a later hand; and in either painting, the flesh is more red in colour, than is usual with Holbein. This portrait has been several times engraved; but never so finely as by Luke Vosterman, an engraver, who came out of Holland, and practised his art in England, for several years during the reign of Charles I. This is a print of great beauty, and full



of the dignity of the original. Vosterman made his engraving from a portrait in the gallery of the Earl of Arundel, the famous *virtuoso* and collector; as appears from a part of the inscription: "*Visitur in Aedibus Arundelianis Londinii.*" Whether this be the same portrait, which is now in the hands of the Duke of Norfolk, is not known: the dispersal of the great Arundel collection is notorious; and when Evelyn prevailed with the then Duke to bestow his library upon the Royal Society, he thus excuses himself. "I should not, for the honour I beare the family, have persuaded the Duke to part with these, had I not seene how negligent he was of them, suffering the priests and everybody to carry away and dispose of what they pleas'd, so that abundance of rare things are irrecoverably gone." The marbles were given to the University of Oxford; the cameos and intaglias, the Duchess of Norfolk bequeathed to her second husband, Sir John Germaine; the coins and medals came into the possession of Thomas, Earl of Winchelsea, and were finally sold; "the remainder of the collection was preserved at Tarthall, without the gate of James's-park near Buckingham-house. Those curiosities too were sold by auction in 1720."

There is an engraving by Virtue, after a picture, which Ph. Fruytiers of Antwerp had elaborated from a sketch of Vandyck's, representing the Earl of Arundel and Alatheia Talbot, his countess, with their family. On the wall of the cabinet are hung two portraits; the one, of the Earl of Surrey, at the age of twenty-five, now supposed to be lost; the other, of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, the actual painting, doubtless, which Vosterman had engraved. In the family group, one of the sons is represented holding a shield; the same shield, it may be, which has also been lent to the New Gallery, by the Duke of Norfolk: it was given to the Earl of Surrey by the Duke of Tuscany, in 1536, a prize gained at a tournament in Florence; on the outside, Marcus Curtius is leaping into the gulph; on the inside, is Mucius Scaevola. It is thought to be the work of Stradanus.

Thomas Howard, the third Duke of Norfolk, was born in 1473. In 1510, he was made a knight of the Garter; and three years later, High Admiral. In Marmion, he is improperly described as Lord Surrey; but he only received that

earldom, as a reward for his own considerable share in his father's victory at Flodden. In 1523, being Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, he put down the rebellion of O'Neil. He succeeded to his dukedom, in 1524; and, in the following year, he put down another rebellion, in Suffolk. He always opposed Cardinal Wolsey; and when that great minister was disgraced, Norfolk became the chief adviser of the king: when Wolsey died, a sumptuous entertainment was held at the Duke's house, and during the evening a play was given, which represented the Cardinal's descent into Hell, and his reception there; this elegant comedy was afterwards printed by the Duke of Norfolk. He was no friend to his relative, Anne Boleyn; and he always opposed the ecclesiastical innovations of Cromwell: he was, therefore, employed to negotiate with the leaders of the "Pilgrimage of Grace"; but when those rebels took up arms again, Norfolk was faithful to the King, and suppressed the religious outbreak. With more pleasure, he led the Catholic opposition, which brought Cromwell to the block. In 1542, he commanded the expedition, which resulted in the defeat of James V., at the Solway Moss. Two years later, Norfolk was arrested, upon a frivolous charge of treason: he was tried, condemned, attainted; and he was only saved by Henry VIII. dying before the day appointed for the execution. He spent the reign of Edward VI., in the Tower; but at Mary's accession he was restored in blood, and he regained the family honours and possessions. He was President of the Council, which condemned Northumberland; and his last service to the Crown was to aid in suppressing the rebellion of Sir Thomas Wyatt. He died in 1554. He was twice married: first, to a daughter of Edward IV.; and next, to a daughter of Stafford, Duke of Buckingham; from whom Norfolk's eldest son inherited the royal arms and those imaginary aspirations, which cost them both so dear. That son, the possessor of the Florentine shield already mentioned, was the accomplished Henry, Earl of Surrey, the Poet; the leader of that band of elegant and interesting scholars, who developed our English poetry, by forming themselves upon Italian models; and so prepared our language for Spenser, and for the dramatists of the Elizabethan Age.

THE EDITOR.





